

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 14 | Number 3

Article 14

Summer 8-1-1995

Sparkles

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Niensted, Serena (1995) "Sparkles," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 3 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss3/14>

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Guarded Secret

She was like a hummingbird.
 When her breezy love
 caught her wild flame in flight,
 frozen and glowing
 with ascent of desire,
 he dropped to his knees in petition.
 Her green eyes flashed gold
 in singeing reply.
 Then the lilacs whispered her taking
 and the bed of sweet dew held their trace.
 Under the purple streaked hue of the sky
 the night guarded their secret in silence.

By: Jeanne Pachaly

Between Two Worlds

Monotone of days
 creeping through her waning senses
 human shadows
 seeping through the fog
 a part of two worlds
 yet hardly part of either
 waiting for release
 and promise of reward.

Life goes on
 only through a veil
 sleep pulls her closer
 as the voices dim
 and without a breath of warning
 she slips through the doorway
 slowly and softly
 over heaven's rim.

By: Jeanne Pachaly

Sparkles

Spots of sunlight
 spangle the carpet
 and quiver
 as the leaves on the trees
 that filter the rays
 shake in the breeze

Is my life like that
 with spots of sunlight
 standing out
 from the shadows—
 and even those spots
 not evenly lighted
 but splayed with gray?

If so—
 it's the sunlight
 that sparkles
 and let's me know
 life glows

By: Serena Niensted